

GEORGE LONG

CD 429

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My name is Ellen S. Kiever. We are in the South Conference Room of the Uintah County Complex. Today George Long has been willing to share his personal history with us today. Thank you for doing this.

George: Thank you very much, Ellen. I have been a life long resident of the Ashley Valley. I spent a little time in Salt Lake City and Idaho and in the Army. I was born and raised here. I was born February 3rd, 1925 on my father and mother's farm. It was part of my grandfather's, William S. Powell, homestead that he had homesteaded in 1877. By the way, today I still live on a portion of this property and do a little farming on it years ago. This was also known as Powellville, in honor of my grandfather.

As a small boy I attended school in the old Ashley Ward School. We had to walk or else ride a horse for the first four or five years. Later, they got buses running and they would take us part way on the bus. We never really had busing until I started to High School. I attended to the sixth grade in Ashley Ward. I had some very fine teachers. One of which was Ruth Steinaker, whom I credit with an awful lot of ability that she had in starting us young kids on our way.

The doctor who attended my mother when I was born was George Christy. A well known Vernal doctor, who by the way, I was named after. We had no electricity in our home until 1940, so everything was oil lamps. We had no running water or those kind of facilities. We made do. In the winter time we would haul ice from Calder's Ice pond and had an ice house. We would store it and cover it with sawdust and have it for our needs in the summer, for cool water and for making ice cream and those sort of things. We would go to the mountain, I would go with my father and mother, a team and wagon and haul logs off the mountain to construct other buildings on our farm. We would get our good neighbor, Henry Kloeppel, to come and do our chores because we were living primarily off our cream check from about nine head of milk cows. This was a morning and night job of taking care of those cows so we would have someone come and do this for us while we was away. We raised chickens and turkeys, and hogs and about anything you could think of. We done all our work with teams and horse drawn equipment. We raised a big bunch of turkeys. My mother had coops, which she would sit the turkey hens and then when they hatched out, one of the jobs I had was taking care of these turkeys and herding them so they would not get into the garden or hayfield or grain field cause they could tromp down grain and hay just as much as a horse, or even worse. So this is one of the jobs I had just like my older brothers and sisters, the same when they was young.

Ellen: What did she do with the turkeys?

George: When the turkeys were grown in the fall, just prior to Thanksgiving, we would pick em'. They was not much work going on back in those days. We would hire turkey

pickers to come and help pick the turkeys and also to help pick up potatoes. The turkeys would be picked and stored and then the next day my father would haul them in a wagon to the JC Peppard Seed Company in Vernal and from there they were shipped out.

Ellen: Where was the JC Peppard Seed Company?

George: The Peppard Seed Company was where Reid Birchell later had his coal yard (60 South 500 West), where the Jubilee Store is now. It was a huge large building there, in fact, it was known as the Workman Dance Hall built by Jacob Workman. We would do a lot of business with them. There wasn't much money changed hands in those days. A lot of it was done in credit.

The money we got from the turkeys paid for our taxes and water assessments. They had farm mortgage that have been obtained by my parents about 1928, then when the stock market crash hit, my parents weren't able to make the payments. Now this here mortgage was about \$700. They weren't able to make the payments, or they were having and extreme time making the payments.

My oldest brother, Gene, who was a sophomore in school, quit after his sophomore year and went to herding sheep to help my parents pay off this mortgage and help save our home and farm. This took a long time, even for his sheep herders pay, it took about six or seven years to get paid off. He was paid \$30 a month for sheep herding. We always felt like we was really indebted to him. He put off getting married until he was in later years, I always felt because he had the need to help his parents out.

Anyway, things worked out. I then started attending Junior High in Vernal and rode a bus then. I graduated from High School in 1943, the spring of 1943. They were about ninety, well eighty some odd, I can't remember the exact number, and today as far as we know there are only about twenty of us left. My childhood days were wonderful; my parents were so good to me and to my brothers and sisters. A loving family we were.

The first time that I went out of town, it was with my Father and Uncle Bud Powell in his 1930 Chevrolet car. In 1933, we went to Salt Lake City. He was going into the fur business and was going out there to see about getting some foxes to go into the fur business. We left early in the morning, there was no paved roads, once in a while we would meet a car, we would have to stop until the dust settled and then go on.

The following year we made a trip over the mountain to Grand Junction, to a place called Palisades, to get peaches with Calvin Jorgensen and his family. All of our families went. We went in a big truck. We went over, what they call Douglas Pass, in Colorado. Some of the turns was so steep and sharp that he couldn't hardly make them. Coming back, we would all get out and walk in the steep places because the old truck with all the peaches loaded in, he didn't know whether he could make it, we would all get out, women and kids and walk till the area wasn't so steep.

That is when I remember seeing my first train. I didn't see a train in Salt Lake but I did see a train in Palisades. We bedded down there at the orchard in Palisades. We had our own bedroll and everything. That train went by about fifty yards from where we was laying and I just couldn't get over it. It was called a double header. I become so fascinated with trains and that has been something that has been with me all of my life.

After graduating from high school, I was raised on a farm and farming was my livelihood, when my father could spare me I would work for the neighbors, first for a

dollar a day. Bill Karren was the first one I worked for. He was a neighbor and after the first year he paid me the same as he did a man. He said, "You do as good of work as a man. You do hard work and as much work as any man I've got." I started when I was thirteen, so at fourteen, I got two dollars a day. Then later the wages were raised to two dollars and a half a day. I worked for Bill. I worked for Ern Seeley. I worked for Leland Sowards. These are all fine men, big ranchers and farmers in Ashley Ward. I was with Bill when he bought one of the first combines in the valley and helped him start that. We worked, in the wintertime when I wasn't in school; like on Saturdays and that, I would help him bale hay with the old power balers that we would pull into the stack yards. We would go all over the country, even over to Greendale and down to Jensen. Bill was a very good man. He would take us fishing when the work was done. He treated me like one of the family, as did Lee Sowards.

In 1937 was probably one of the most interesting and memorable times of my life. My father had not seen his mother, my grandmother in Iowa, for a long long time. Word came that she wasn't well, at all. So a fellow happened to come to Vernal, we had very little money, so this fellow that came through Vernal was a friend to my father. His name was Harry White, he stopped at the Leonard White family in Vernal and visited them. Leonard told him about my father and mother's situation in Iowa. He got in touch with us and said, "Mr. Long, if you want to go to Iowa, it won't cost you anything except one night's room, we have to stay overnight somewhere and your meals. You and your wife or your son or whoever wants to go." Mother could not go, there was just too many things like the chickens and turkeys had to be took care of. So, my father sold some wheat to the flour mill and a cow to get the money for us to go. We went to Iowa and was there three days when my grandmother, my father's mother, passed away. So then we got ready to come back home to Utah. My father's brother and family said, "We'll go as far as North Platte, Nebraska and take you that far." They had a sister that lived in North Platte, so we loaded up in a 1929 Chevrolet car, these were a four cylinder car, we had spare tires tied on, suitcases, bedrolls and they was seven of us in that car.

We headed for North Platte, Nebraska. We got about thirty miles out of Omaha, Nebraska, west of Omaha, and a rod started going out of the engine, it started knocking. So we pulled off to the side of the road and Uncle Eldon, that was my dad's brother, he had two sons and one of them was a real good mechanic. They pulled over kind of a low spot in the borrow pit and they took the oil pan off and took that bearing out of that car, caught a ride back to Omaha, got the bearing and parts needed, came back and stayed all night there. We had our bedrolls, stayed all night. Cars were going by every once in a while. The next morning they got that car going and done that right along the highway. I think of nowadays, how impossible things like that would be. So then we came on into North Platte, had a good visit, then my father, we caught the train from North Platte to Denver, Colorado.

What an experience that was, riding in the train coach. I was so excited. I just couldn't get over that. In Denver we took the bus to Vernal. It was called Burlington Bus, later Continental [Bus Lines]. As we come up over to Elk Springs, Colorado, I have always had a hard feeling towards Elk Springs since; I got so sick. I was just car sick, I guess. The bus driver had to stop and let me get out. I threw up and one thing and another. Finally, why the bus driver was so kind and I got back on the bus and came home okay. That was really a wonderful experience.

More history of Ag Trips to insert:

In 1943, when I graduated from high school, I knew it wouldn't be long I would have to go into the service because the draft was on and the need for soldiers and servicemen were very high. They were taking some people in their early forties. As soon as a young man reached eighteen, with his parents consent, or at nineteen he would be drafted. I didn't go in right off because my father had been leasing another large farm so I had to help him.

In September of 1944, I went in and shipped to Camp Roberts, California, along with nine other Vernal boys, that was really fortunate that there was ten of us that completed our training together at Camp Roberts. Prior to me going in, my two older brothers had gone in the service and were in combat. One was in Germany and the other on the Iwo Jima in the Pacific. We finished our training and came home on a short delay, called a delay in route. Then we went back to San Francisco to be shipped over seas to go into the Pacific.

One man, Rulon Lind, got an abscess tooth and he was unable to be shipped out with us and they held him for two weeks. The rest of us went first to New Guinea where we was to join a convoy after a few days and then went to Leyte, in the Philippine Islands, where we disembarked at night from landing barges at Leyte. Later Rulon would also go to the Pacific, into Okinawa, he probably saw the roughest fighting combat of any of us while he was on Okinawa.

There in the Philippines, we started to be split up, the nine of us. We were in a separation camp, the area had been secured, where they had put up this camp. One morning, Calvin Bennion, a close friend and a man I had went to school with, came into the tent of Garr Jones, another Vernal boy and a man I went to school with, and myself was in this tent. Calvin, Sandy we called him, come in this tent. He said, "Have you boys got your shipping orders?" We all said, "No." He said, "Well, I am leaving in the morning." He said they told him to get everything ready. We felt bad that we were being split up. So, we put our arms around him and said we would see him in Tokyo, Sandy. He said, "No, I don't think I'll see you in Tokyo." I said, "One thing for sure, we will see you back home, ol' buddy." He said, "No, I don't think I will ever see home or my parents again." He just had that feeling. Tears were rolling down his eyes and they was rolling down Garr's and mine. Later that day, we bid him farewell. He was killed on the fourth day of July. This was like in March and he was killed on the fourth day of July, 1945. Just six weeks before the war ended. Shot by a sniper on the island of Mindanao.

A few days later, we got our shipping orders, Garr Jones, Evan Crane Slaugh, and Robert Rich and myself went to Luzon, the top island in the Philippines. Some of the others went to different places. Darrel Huber went to Mindanao. LaDell Lloyd Slaugh and Jim Dart and Norman Fletcher, I think, stayed on Leyte. There was still fighting going on on the island of Leyte as well. Anyway, us four guys went to Luzon and there we was split up again. Garr Jones went to the 37th Infantry Division. Evan Slaugh, Bob Rich, and myself went into the 25th Infantry Division. They loaded us on a narrow gauge train of an evening to take us north to a place called San Jose. I hadn't noticed on those cars what the numbering and lettering was but later I had a fellow tell me that some of

them cars on that narrow gauge train there out of Manila, had Uintah Railway stamped on them. They had been on the narrow gauge out here at Dragon and Watson. So anyway, we rode that about ninety miles at night because the Japanese still had air fire there. We went to a place called San Jose and we embarked.

Evan Crane Slauch and Robert Rich went to the 161 Regiment of the 25th Infantry Division and I went to the 35th Regiment of that Division. We were involved in what they called the Battle of Balete Pass, which was in some of the heaviest jungle area I had ever seen. There was only one road went over this Pass and that is what they were trying to secure, Highway 5. Later, the Brigadier General who was over the 161 Regiment that Slauch and Rich belonged was killed and shot by a sniper in this area so it shows you how dangerous these snipers were. They were really something that caused a lot of problem and a lot of men to lose their lives. We was involved in this Battle of Balete Pass for several weeks and finally we succeeded in clearing the area and going up into what they call the Cagayan Valley and I never rode in a truck again after I got up here. Everything was over trails. Our food stuff and our ammunition and supplies was brought in on the backs of Filipino's. They would be as many a hundred of them in a pack train packing these supplies into us. The hospital was a long way away. We had what they call a Battalion Aid Stations. We lost quite a few men through this here campaign. It was something that I don't think much about it anymore because the memories aren't all that good.

Anyway, after the war was finally over, well, before the war ended, they pulled us back and started giving us special training. It was going to be amphibious training cause we were to be beach head among some of the troops to land on the main island of Japan. That is what the plan was. We started taking special training and then about three weeks we got word that the bomb had been dropped, the Atomic Bomb, then a few days later another one. A couple days later we found that Japan had surrendered. How fortunate and glad we were. Had that bomb not been dropped, I probably would not be here today because they figured something like eighty percent casualties when they started doing the beach head landings on Japan. They were that well fortified. Anyway after the war ended, I never seen any of these fellows again except Darrel Huber.

I went in to Japan and we set up camp in an old hospital building, a big building and restored that to where it was livable. We had six hour duty every day except Sunday. One day, I was up on a veranda and I looked down, another company of men had moved in about a mile down the road from us. We were on the outskirts of the third largest city, Nagoya, and this fellow was walking up the road. I kept looking at him. I thought, "Boy, he sure looks familiar." I run down the veranda and run out and it was Darrel Huber. He was in the outfit that had been camped down below. So we got together after that. Darrel was from Lapoint. Aside from him I didn't see none of the rest of the original ten that I went in with.

I would like to relate one story. The first battle that I was in when I joined my outfit was to break through to a company of the First Battalion of our Regiment. I was in the Third Battalion. A company in the First Battalion had been pinned down at Balete Pass and they had had several casualties and they finally got radio contact. We were to break through to them, we left that morning early and they were about two to three miles from where we were in this dense jungle. We lost three guys right off the bat with snipers that morning and a couple more wounded. When we got there to them, sniper fire was

still very prevalent and I was crouched down behind a big rock. I heard a guy say, "Hey, Butch, get your men or what is left of them together and let's get the hell out of here." Around that rock come a fellow that was from Vernal, Lyle Butcher, I could not believe my eyes. I was crouched down and he knelt down and grabbed my arm. We looked at each other and clasped each others hands and wished each other the best. We vowed that we would get together when the war was over, which we did later in Japan. So that was quite a unique experience to see someone under that kind of condition. Anyway, I will never forget it. Lyle passed away about a year ago. He was about three years older than me.

I spent about seven months in Japan. When I was getting ready to ship out of Yokohama, I noticed another fellow from Vernal that I didn't even know was in the area, which was Junior Merkley. He was waiting for his orders to go home. He probably left shortly after I did. Anyway, we got home and landed in Seattle and the first thing they done, some girls that belonged to one of the clubs, USO or Red Cross. They met us and they give each one of us a quart of cool milk. We had never had any milk to drink since we had left the states. Japan is not a country that has much milk because they don't have many cows. The oxen or cows that they do have, they use them to work or plow with. They aren't noted for a country with milk like we do. The only milk we had was powdered milk. Oh, that tasted so good, but a half hour after we drank it, half of us got sick.

After staying about a week at Fort Loughton that was out of Seattle, we were shipped by rail down to Camp Beal, California where on August the 26th 1946 I was discharged. I visited with my brothers, who had both been discharged prior to me getting out. They were living in California. I caught the bus home to my parents. What a wonderful meeting that was, to see my mother and dad. I thought to myself, the worries and the tears that they must have shed, the three sons being involved as we all were. We all made it back.

My oldest brother, Gene, was wounded in the Battle of the Bulge. We all made it home and were honorably discharged. We was proud of the part that we played in this war that was so horrendous and large. Even today, there are over a thousand soldiers a day dying that were a part of World War II. That is where I am going today, to help with military honors for Arnold Baker for his service. I need a rest for a minute.

Ellen: Can you tell me where the school was out in Ashley.

George: The school in Ashley was a brick school house located pretty close to where the old Ashley Church was and that Ashley Church is 2000 North and 500 East, but the people that lived there close to where it is today is Glade and Dorothy Anderson (2109 North 500 East).

Ellen: And it was a brick school?

George: Brick school, built in 1918.

Ellen: Okay, was there a white school also?

George: There was, well the first school in Ashley was log and then they built what they call the white school which was a beautiful building. It was built up pretty close to the Sowards/Gibson place up on 250 West and about 2500 North. (3110 North 250 West). That is where it was built. At the same time, Ashley Ward had two districts. One was the Ashley District which was the upper part where the Dodds, Sowards, and Gibson's and those people, the Timothy's, lived.

The lower district was called Union District and my mother and her sisters and all of them always referred to it as Union Ward, but it was Union District of the Ashley Ward. And they build a school there but it wasn't elaborate as the other one. That is where my mother went to school and my two older sisters. In 1918 they tore that one down and built the new brick school about a mile and a half north of there on 500 East and about 2500 north where close to where Glade Anderson lives today and Brad Davidson.

Ellen: Okay, that helps because I was unsure how many schools. I have always heard of the Union school and I did know that there was a division of Union and Ashley of Ashley Ward.

George: Well, the upper part was called Ashley and the lower part Union. They had two separate schools. They had quite a rivalry between those schools, baseball games, and boxing matches, and tug-o-war, and that sort of stuff that you done in those days. In 1918, they consolidated and brought them both together at this new brick school. That school ran until about 1939. They done away with it. They had the first eight grades there and then they cut it to six and that is how it was when I went to school. They bused us into Vernal.

At that time, the highway went by the school. It didn't go like it does now. It went out across the bridge of Ashley Creek you know, north here on Vernal Avenue and went as far as 1500 North and then there was no road going on north there, the road turned and went east to 500 East and went up along past our school and past the canal and sawmill that Fred Felch had. An elderly lady by the name of Caroline LeBeau had a little store there on the bank of the canal. It followed around that canal and up and came on back into the Steinaker Draw at the Horace Caldwell farm, where the [Steinaker] Dam is now and then up the draw.

Ellen: That is really an odd road. That's kind of like the one that used to come into Vernal. How they came down and turned at Reader Corner and turned and turned again.

George: That's the way that did. There was another road that went up past the Sowards/Gibson ranch at 250 West and it come out also at the mouth of Steinaker Draw, but there was no road going up through the area where it goes now. There was a lane or two that went by to a house or two that was sitting here or there, you know. About 19??, I don't know, I guess it was about 1935 or 36, they put that road through the way it is now.

Ellen: The way that Vernal Avenue goes today.

George: Yes, the way that Vernal Avenue goes now.

Ellen: But it still went up through Steinaker Draw at this time.

George: Yes, it went all the way up through Steinaker Draw and when they built the dam they took the road up higher and took it a around.

Ellen: It is kind of a dangerous road now.

George: One of the largest bridges, outside of the Jensen Bridge at Green River and probable the one over at the Uintah River, one of the largest bridges and the largest wooden bridge was built there in the mouth of Steinaker Draw. Fred Felch built it, where it crossed what they called Red Wash., where they changed that road.

Ellen: George, you mentioned about one of the first combines coming into the valley. Do you remember what year that was?

George: Bill Karren's combine wasn't the the first. The first one was by a guy named Clyde Ruppe. It wasn't Clyde.

Ellen: Was that Clyde Ruppe's father?

George: What was his name? Mike! Mike Ruppe had the first combine. The Ruppe's were well noted farmers. So Mr. Ruppe, Mike was a type of fellow that wanted to be as up to date as he could be on stuff like that. So he brought in this combine. Bill Karren was going out to get a new binder.

Ellen: What does a binder do?

George: Well a binder cuts the grain and bundles it and then you haul it in and stack it and thrash it. My dad done a lot of that in the years past, anyway, Bill had heard about Mike Ruppe and his combine. He went out and looked at it and that changed his mind about buying a binder. He decided to get a combine. As far as I know, it was the second combine in the Ashley Valley.

Ellen: Do you know how expensive they were?

George: I got no idea how expensive they were. This was about 1936. I worked for Bill a lot. Another thing I remember and become so fascinated with was when Uintah Railway shut down in 1939, they were giving away railroad ties if anyone wanted to go out there and get them. So Bill took me in 1940 and we went out there and brought in several loads of railroad ties in a new pickup he had. He built two large chicken coops which are still standing today. I helped him. We put these up and they made fine buildings, if fact there are some buildings in Vernal that are made out of railroad ties, hauled in from out to Dragon and Watson area.

Ellen: Okay, how much longer can you be?

George: I better go in about ten minutes.

Ellen: Tell me how you met your sweetheart.

George: Okay, I came home and we never had a car. My folks never owned a car. Whenever we went somewhere it was a team and buggy until my sister married Willard Rasmussen. He had a Model T Ford. I would like to tell an experience about that if I could.

In 1930, they moved down to Leota. They homesteaded down there. They threw open a lot of that country. This is about twelve miles this side of Ouray. So they threw that open for homesteading so they went down there and homesteaded. They had this Model T Ford with no top on it. They would go back and forth in that Model T. It was one of early Model T's with the gas tank under the seat and they had no fuel pump. So if you would be going up a hill or something, pretty steep, for very long you would have to turn around and back up it because you would run out of gas.

We went down there and stayed with them, my dad and I, and my uncle, Henry Kloeppel, done our milking and our chores and helped my mother. We went down and stayed a couple of days and nights, we had been digging ditch. They got the ditch dug. They had a mile of ditch you had to dig from the canal. He got water one time. Finally they just got starved out and he had to give it up but this was four years later. But anyway, we were down there the time that they got the water and how proud my sister and Willard was. They had planted a garden. Willard's brother-in-law, Calvin Jorgensen, run the store for years. Some of his family lived there until just recently.

Anyway, this here time that we went down there with them in this old Model T and so he was bringing dad and I back home and Nora and her son, Billy, David had not been born yet; Nora and the son, Billy, they stayed and Willard was bringing dad and I home. He was going to stay overnight and then go back. Well, we had a flat tire coming up out of Leota and we put the spare on. We got out on the highway, it was a gravel road then, over what you call the twelve mile bridge and another tire went flat. So we pulled off to the side of the road. He said, "Well, we will have to patch this one." It was getting pretty close to sundown and we wanted to get home before dark because the lights were not very good on the old car. Well, when he got out his patching gear, he found that he hadn't screwed his lid tight on the glue. You had to use glue, you would buff the inner tube and then put glue on to let it dry and then put the patch on. Well, the glue had all evaporated. So we had no glue and we sat there quite a while. The sun went down. A car came by and we got them stopped and they didn't have any patching at all. It was someone we didn't know. They went on towards Roosevelt. We figured maybe there would be another car or two come and another car did come by but they never stopped. By then we had built a fire. We stayed there all night, I think there was another car come through in the night and that was it.

Early in the morning, Calder's milk truck come through going to Vernal. They had been picking up milk. Calder's was a great business people and they done a lot of good for this valley with the milk and cream business. Willard caught a ride on the milk truck to Vernal. He got some glue and got a friend to come back out and by the time we got to Vernal it was eleven o'clock the next day. Anyway, that was just an experience.

My mother was worried and Nora, of course, didn't know what the situation was. Willard was late getting back down to their homestead. She was worried then. There was no telephone, no cell phones, or anything like we have now.

Ellen: Okay, Lynn Labrum and Don Davis related the same experience about getting flat tires. Okay, once you had the flat tire and repaired it how did you get it pumped back up.

George: A hand pump. Everybody packed a hand pump, a jack, and usually a block or two because the old brakes on those cars weren't all that good and if you happened to be on a little bit of a hill or something you needed to block it. If you happened to be where there was no rocks or anything, you know. So you packed all this stuff with you, I don't know how many tires, well I patched a lot of them myself, but that particular time when the glue evaporated he was helpless.

Ellen: Don Davis in his history told that he had five flats between Neola and Roosevelt.

George: It's possible

Ellen: I thought, oh my goodness. That was just amazing to me that they took the tire off and fixed it and put it back on.

George: Don, by the way, is a cousin of mine, a second cousin. When I was a kid we used to go to their place in Lapoint. They would have these old time dances in the homes back then. My father and mother, we would leave early of a morning in a team and buggy, my father played the fiddle. We would take off for Lapoint and get over there that evening, which was about eighteen miles; probably twenty to their place or home. Anyway, they would dance and play until midnight and then they would have what you call a midnight supper. They put us kids to bed and had a midnight supper. They would dance for another hour and all bed down in homemade beds and stuff like that. They would get up and have a big breakfast and start home.

Ellen: That was a fun time for you?

George: It was, you know.

Ellen: Did they do that often?

George: Maybe once or twice a year. In the fall of the year we had lots of Pottawatomie Plums. We had dozens of trees. The whole family over there, the Davis' and the Long's that lived in Lapoint, would come over and stay all night at our place and pick Pottawatomie Plums. They would take them back home and make jam.

In the fall of the year my dad raised lots of potatoes. There was families around that was short on food and he would always give away a lot of those potatoes and squash and stuff like that. He loved doing stuff like that. There was a couple of old bachelors that lived over on Brush Creek. They would come and they would help him dig potatoes and

he would give them all they needed from the garden like squash and stuff like that. He loved doing that. To this day, we raise quite a big garden and love giving it away.

Ellen: Did your father do anything but farm? Did he work for anyone?

George: I'll tell you a story if I can about my father and his folks. They came out here in 1905. My father's family came by train to Price [Utah] when they threw the reservation open for homesteading. They sold out in Iowa. The whole family, the two oldest girls were married and had their husbands with them, and they was two other girls and five boys and the parents. They bought two wagons, two teams and outfitted them and came into the valley in February of 1905. They stayed overnight at a place called Well's Draw. Owen Smith had dug a well there, that is how it got the name of Well's Draw.

They came on in. It was an open winter. They slept out in February and there was no snow hardly. They came into Myton where the process was taking place for homesteading. There was no Roosevelt in 1905 yet, it was later that year. Myton was handling all this stuff. So they had what they call a lottery drawing. You just didn't go pick your place. You drew on lottery. My father drew out on a place called Hayden. It was so rocky. He went over and pitched his tent and stayed a month. It was so rocky he couldn't even dig a posthole. He had been used to the deep ground in Iowa so he give it up.

The other three brothers didn't homestead at that time. One of the other brothers had done the same thing. My father came on into Ashley Valley. He worked for different people. He worked for some of the Goodrich's my dad did. The Holmes were very good friends to him, Bill Holmes and Charlie Holmes, and so was Byron Goodrich. Anyway, through all this he met my mother. My father's twin brother met my mother's sister so they eventually got married. They married sisters so we had double cousins.

After a year here, my grandparents didn't like it. They had been drinking water out of a little old creek called Spring Creek and it didn't agree with them. They was having some problems, they hadn't dug a well yet, like they had in Iowa. So they left and went back, all the family left and went back except my father and his twin brother and my mother and her sister, of course. Then when my father got married, he and my mother went to Iowa. They went to Dragon, caught the narrow gauge and went out over Baxter Pass to Iowa. They stayed out there till 1915 and then they moved back.

There was three children born, Nora Rasmussen, Ruby Freestone, and Gene Long. So they moved back, come back by train, and my father the first year he was back, he started hauling logs off the mountain on the old trail. He built our home, which is still standing today. Then the next year he helped my grandfather then the next year he got a job over at Cedarview. He and another fellow clearing the town of Cedarview of cedars and stuff like that, getting ready to build the town. My father had no education hardly, so the other guy, he had education so they would keep the books and everything.

Father and mother were over there with three little kids plus a new baby and hadn't drawn hardly any money and that fall when they went to settle up that man had beat my father out of all his summer's work. My father had a team. He kept the team and wagon, a scraper to, but he never got no money. They was going to take it to court but my dad would have to leave here and go clear to Duchesne City because Duchesne County had been made a county in 1915, I think it was, so the county seat was in Duchesne. That

was a long way, my father would have to go clear from here over there in a buggy to meet with the lawyers and the court and finally this fellow had put his property in somebody else's name and my father never got a dime. Then he came back and my grandfather, bless his heart, had enough stuff to keep them through the winter. They had already built their log house and a place to keep their team and stuff and feed.

The next year in 1918, my grandfather also had a farm down in Jensen, and had a lot of bees. He told my dad if he will run the place here which was 160 acres of ground and about 100 acres of farm ground. He said, "You can run this place and I'll just take care of my bees and the Jensen place. All I expect out of it is the pasture for my mules and a few head of cows." So that is what my father done until 1923 for nearly six years, he farmed.

After my grandfather died, the place was divided up. My mother got forty-five acres for her part. My father would lease ground around. He always farmed except occasionally he would go to the mountain and cut timber, when he had time. So that was the way we lived.

Ellen: He lived a hard working life.

George: A hard worker. He was up early in the morning, but his word was his bond. He gained the trust of all those around him and was a well liked and respected man as was my mother. She spent hours on the sewing machine. We still got the 1880 treadle Singer sewing machine. She made clothes. By the way, she give five dollars for that from a friend way back in about 1918 when she got it from a friend who was leaving here and going to Oregon. I can see her sitting at that sewing machine yet, making clothes for neighbor kids and for myself. They worked hard. Didn't have many conveniences, she washed on the washboard until after we got electricity in 1940.

Tell about the battery operated radio

Ellen: Nora and Willard didn't get electricity until then.

George: They built their little log house in 1935 and in 1940 Moon Lake come through. They come through late in 1938 and then a year and a half later we got hooked up in the spring.

Ellen: All right lets stop for today.

Day 2: September 17, 2007

George: Well, it came up last time about how I met my wife and sweetheart and I then I kind of got on something else. I would like to mention, I had done some dating before I went into the service. This was back when my wife, Reva, was a girl of only eleven or twelve years old. To me she was just a neighbor girl and a skinny little kid and I remember she came to our place, her and her parents one time. I had some rabbits. She wanted a rabbit so we let them have a rabbit. That is about all I knew about her until after I got out of the service.

Before I went into the service, we didn't have a car so I would go with guys that had automobiles like Keith Allen and Don Davis. Don had a real nice car. It was a 1937 Oldsmobile. He had herded sheep and bought that car. We would go over to Lapoint to dances.

Ellen: Was Don married at this time?

George: No, neither one of us were married. Keith Allen would get his dad's pickup. His dad had a sawmill so he had access to that pickup. We would go that way a lot. After I got out of the service, once in a while, my brother-in-law, Willard Rasmussen, would let me take the Model A Ford Pickup 1929. So I did have access once in a while to a car.

When I got out of the service, I noticed what a beautiful girl Reva had turned into be. I started dating her. I would take her and Keith Allen would take his girlfriend and we would go out on dates.

I would just like to mention that one time we decided that we wanted some watermelons. The watermelons was on. I knew Lee Sowards real well, he is like a second father to me and I knew we can get some watermelons there, no problem. So we come down by Lee's place. The lights was out in their house. There was a car sitting in their yard, but we couldn't see nobody around so rather than wake them up we would just go and get one. He wouldn't care. We went down to the gate. The gate was open and there was some guys in the melon patch. When they seen us, they got in their car and really took off. They had pickup and went by us and down the road they went. We went over to wake Lee up. Well, Ruth was sitting in the car with a rifle. She had gone to sleep unbeknown to her. Lee was in the house sick. Ruth said well it was her own fault, I went to sleep. We said that we would go put the gate up. She said that we could get a couple of melons. We did. We noticed where they had driven right up in the patch. We got a couple of melons and headed down the road. About a mile down the road, that pickup had stopped and they had busted watermelons all over. Most of the melons had been green. I thought how sad it was that someone would do something like that to such good people as the Sowards were. Two or three time we would go up to Sowards and they would let us go in and get melons and they would share with other people.

Reva and I got to going together. We got engaged. I had got a job out to the gilsonite mines. Mr. L.D. Berry was the manager of the gilsonite mines. He hired me. I went to work out there in March of 1947. They had a boarding house. It was pretty crowded. Some of us moved down on the White River in a tent. I was going with Reva and in November of that year we got married. Art Boren and his wife, Stella, is Reva's cousin they took us on our honeymoon. They had a new Mercury car.

I had bought a car, a second-hand one, but it wasn't in all that good of shape. We didn't know whether to try going anywhere for a long distance with it or not. Art and Stella took us. We always appreciated them doing that.

When Reva and I came back, we rented a cabin down on the White River from Cap Atwood, a little old two room cabin. It had no facilities at all. It was cold but it was made out of railroad ties so it was a good strong sturdy cabin. We would drive back and forth to work up to the gilsonite mines. We done that for over two years. Finally, we got a house in camp. The reason that we lived down on the river in a cabin like that was because they was such a waiting list for houses in the camp. It took us over two years to

get a house and we got seniority enough to get one. The rent up in camp was twelve dollars a month. They furnished the electricity and the water.

Ellen: Was the propane ran at this time?

George: Not yet. About a year, maybe two, Woodey Searle came out and put a propane system in.

Ellen: Did everyone have a propane tank?

George: No, there were two huge tanks and run lines from those tanks into the houses and the offices and everything. It really worked out great. There was a lot of room between the rows of houses so he had the tanks out there and there was adequate room. He had the lines well buried. It really was a neat deal. It was very beneficial, like it was natural gas. We really appreciated what Woodey had done for us out there at the gilsonite camp.

It was a lovely camp. They had a good water system. They had huge pumps down on the White River and would pump water into a cistern at the camp. It would gravity flow from the cistern down into the camp. We had plenty of pressure. They let us put in lawns. They let us fence our yards. Most of us had picket fences, painted them, planted flowers and trees and shrubbery. It was a really neat. We were just like one big family. I never knew of a group of people that were more close than those of us there at Bonanza.

Also, something else that we had before it was brought to Vernal, was TV (television). They had got TV over to Artesia (Dinosaur, Colorado). Some of the Vernal people would go to Artesia to watch the TV. Mr. Baker was the manager then and they decided that they would try it out to Bonanza and they got a good signal there on the hill just south of Big Bonanza, so we had TV out there a couple of years before they got it in Vernal.

Ellen: Did every house out there have a television?

George: Nearly every one of them. They was all getting it. It was really a neat deal. We bought our TV set from Don Hacking (Hacking Furniture). We bought a refrigerator from him. When we moved up there and had electricity we bought one that had a wide ice box or freezer box up on the top. Most of the refrigerators out there just had the small compartment [to one side]. People would come and look at that. I think we done a pretty good business for Don because he was selling quite a few of them. Don was a good man to deal with.

We lived out there for all together a little over ten years. I enjoyed working at Bonanza. It was a good place to work. We had some tragedies. We had some people fall a couple of times in the mine. We had a terrible explosion in 1953 that took eight lives. I was right there that day and witnessed it first hand. I would say I witnessed that more than any other single person because I had went to the mine and got a load of ore. I seen the five guys that went down to work on the slope. The other three were already down the shaft. Those guys were in their car, the mine car, I was in a big diesel truck hauling ore. They waved at me and I honked at them. I was the last one to see those five. In less than an hour after I saw them, the mine had exploded and those fellows were entombed in

there. That was one of the tragic things that happened out to Bonanza. Other than that Bonanza was a good place. The leadership out there, the supervisors, they were good people. They were fair.

They started the bus line about a year before I left. Shirley Cook started it first and then later Wilkins bought him out. My dad and mother would get on that bus and come out and see us. They really enjoyed that. They were getting old in years and enjoyed doing that.

Ellen: I didn't realize that they let the non-working people ride the bus.

George: They let families of the people who lived out there ride the bus. It was a nice thing.

We had three children. Diana, our daughter, and then two sons, Eugene; we call him Hughie, and George Jr., we call him Jody. Jody is married to Patty Phillips. By the way, her dad grew up out at Dragon area. They were versed on the gilsonite out in that area.

Ellen: My brother Todd dated Diana.

George: Seems like I remember that now and another one that did was Cody Jenkins. Diana lived a lot with her grandmother, Della Chivers Cook. In 1950, tragedy really hit and that was when Reva's father, Ray Chivers, was killed by a train. A train hit his pick-up at Wolcott, Colorado. It was in the winter time. He lived three days but never regained consciousness. Della was alone; for the most part Diana comforted her by living with her.

Della was a wonderful person. She supported us in every way. She worked at the hospital. They even extended beyond her age limit because they liked her so well. She received special kindness from the doctors there.

Anyway, Bonanza was a special place for us. We left Bonanza in 1957 and moved to Salt Lake. A friend of mine that had worked at Bonanza, Dalton Woods, his father was an old freighter Babe Woods; they worked for the Uintah Railway and the gilsonite company as Dal was growing up. Anyway, Dal had moved to Salt Lake and he got in touch with us and said that they was hiring out here to beat the band on carpenter work. So I decided to try something else, rather than the gilsonite.

My dad had been a carpenter and was a good one. One of my brothers was also a carpenter. So I went out. Lou Timothy moved us from Bonanza to Salt Lake City for \$50. He came clear to Bonanza from Vernal, we loaded the truck. It was kind of unique because when he come out it was on a Sunday. He seen people going down the street all dressed up. He asked where they were going. We told him that they were going to church. He dug underneath his seat and come out with a suit coat. He had on striped overalls. He put on the suit coat and headed down the street and told us he would see us after church.

We forgot to put Reva's fruit in the truck and right at the last we realized that the fruit was down in a little basement that we had. We got that fruit out and the only place to put it was right on back end of that truck. Reva just knew that her fruit would all be broken by the time we got to Salt Lake. There wasn't one jar broke. That old man done such a good job of driving that truck. There wasn't a jar of fruit broken. How special it

was that Lou Timothy was so careful. We told him about it, he got it out there without any damage.

Ellen: He was in our ward when I was growing up.

George: Was he! Well, he sure done us a good favor. We lived in Salt Lake for two and a half years. I got out there and the job that Dal Woods had told me about didn't materialize. They had lost their contract that they thought they was going to get. I am glad they did.

I got another job at a uranium mill out there. I worked there until I heard that they was starting to build the phosphate plant. I wanted to get back to Vernal so I would be on the ground floor. I wanted to go to work there on the phosphate. I was also wanting to get away from the uranium because it is pretty potent stuff. They didn't use much precaution in those days.

Ellen: Has that ever affected you throughout your life?

George: No it hasn't. But the job that Dal Woods had for me, in the building industry out there, they used lots of asbestos. Dal, himself in his later years, got it in his lungs and died from this. He was only about sixty-years old. I thought how fortunate I was that I didn't get that job.

Anyway, we came back to Vernal and I worked for about a year for Safeway's. They was building the phosphate plant and I went up and talked to them. They said when we start hiring for the operations we will let you know. So I worked at Safeway's for about ten months. I didn't like that very good. It meant wearing white shirts and neckties and so I got there and quit there and went to work for Moon Lake Electric. I worked for them until I could go to work at the phosphate plant. They sent word that the plant was going to open in six weeks so I beat it up there and got a job and got hired.

Ellen: What did you do for Moon Lake Electric?

George: It was called pole line construction. I was building power lines. In the upper country, Tabiona and Altonah, people were moving away. They were facing pretty hard times. They were giving up their farms. We took down a lot of power lines that went to their farms. Now my golly it is the other way around. They can't build them fast enough.

Ellen: So did you learn to climb the poles?

George: That is one thing that bothered me. I could work down in a gilsonite mine hundreds of feet under the ground, all you can see is just your light, that didn't bother me. Up on a power pole it did. They put me running the winch truck. They was good people to work for too. They done a lot of good taking those power lines up to all that upper country and out where we live; that is how come we got power. I went to work at the phosphate and worked for them for twenty-five years. I had been working there four years and they made me a supervisor. I was a supervisor for a little over twenty-one years for them at the phosphate.

I appreciated the break I got because all I had was a high school education. Most of those jobs of supervision require a little more than that. The boss, Charles Stephens, and the manager, Mr. D. L. King Sr., had enough confidence in me and they were good to me.

Ellen: So how old were you when you retired?

George: I wasn't quite sixty-two. I took an early retirement. I had seen so many people, friends of mine, that had worked till they was sixty-five and then in two or three years they had either got laid up with some kind of disorder or crippled up or passed away and I thought I'm going to get out and see some of the country. They offered me a real good retirement.

My wife and I have done a lot of traveling. We went to nearly every state in the west. The company when I worked for them, they sent us to different places. We really enjoyed ourselves. We had an enjoyable life that way.

Ellen: Did you have a favorite spot that you traveled to?

George: My favorite spot was over in Southern Colorado, the narrow gauge railroads. It ran from Durango to Silverton and from Antonito, Colorado to Chama, New Mexico. That is a longer route. It is sixty some odd miles. We have been down there two or three times. Railroading, narrow gauge is a hobby of mine. It fascinates me. We have went all over the country to where there was narrow gauge railroads, investigating and gathering material.

While I was working up to the phosphate, my dad passed away, they had divided his place up so my sister and I bought my dad and mother's place and split it between us. She took twenty-three acres and I took twenty-two.

I had a little band of sheep and Reva's mother, Della, they always had sheep so she had about twenty-five head and I had about thirty. We would run them sheep. She would be right out there helping run them, she helped with the lambing and she was really good. Shearing time was really special, we would join in with Celis Winn, our neighbor and Bill Morrison and get together and do our sheep shearing. It was a special time. We would run the sheep together. Della had so much ground up there and I had the acreage below. We would run the sheep from one field to another for grazing. It was quite an undertaking.

I also wanted to say that when I worked to the phosphate company they sent me to two different schools. My education was just high school and they sent me to the Colorado School of Mines. I went there twice and then one time to Hartford, Connecticut.

I didn't get to take Reva to Hartford. I got to take her to Las Vegas two different times. When I went to Hartford it was just I and an Indian from over on the reservation. His name was Colin Murdock. He was our electrician. They sent he and I back there. We went to Chicago once too. We went to a training school there.

When I went to Golden, Colorado, to the Colorado School of Mines, they let her come up but they didn't pay for her way. She was able to stay with me and they paid for that part of it. It was a two week course each time at the Colorado School of Mines. That was the same with Chicago and Hartford.

I would just like to say about this here Indian fellow, Colin Murdock. He was a brilliant man. When we went to Hartford, Connecticut, to this training, there was twenty-six of us in this class. There was one woman and twenty-five guys. I was about number fifteen or sixteen down the line that passed the course. Colin was number two. He passed that second to highest, there was only one other guy that passed it higher than he did. They commented what a smart brilliant man Colin was. The guy that beat him had a tremendous education. I thought that was really neat that this man who grew up on the Indian Reservation was able to achieve this [recognition in that class].

My wife and I went to a lot of dances. We loved to dance. She was a good dancer. So I belonged to the American Legion down to the Jensen Post and I have done for golly, maybe about fifty-five years. My wife and I and Lee Betts and his wife, Mildred were going down to a dance one night and it was just at the time when you had to turn your car lights on. At that particular time the car lights didn't shine out to good. As we left Vernal we turned our lights on and we got down to what they call the Duvall Hill, it is a big steep hill just as you drop down in towards Ashley Creek, we got to the bottom of Duvall Hill and I noticed in my rearview mirror this truck right up close to us. I said to Lee, "I'm going to slow down and see if he will go around us." Well, this truck never did.

We went on down the road and a deer run out across the road in front of us and I just instinctly hit my breaks and when I did that big truck hit us. It whirled our car around and he hit us a second time. It broke both of my wife's legs, one of them real severe. It was a compound fracture where the bones come right through [the skin]. She was crippled up. A year later she had to have special surgery on it. They had to go in and scrape the bone. Ever since that the arthritis started setting in a couple years later and ever since then she has been crippled. This was in 1982. We have never been to a dance since.

A little prior to that, if I might go back just a little, when I was a boy my dad and mother we would go to town and get our groceries in a team and buggy. A lot of time the women would go in the store and they would get the groceries. They would sell eggs. My dad and others would set on the bank corners and pass the time of day. I loved listening to them. I would stay with dad and listen to those fellows tell some of their experiences. I got to know a lot of them. I remembered the stories they told and then in later years, those that was still living like Joe Haslem, Bill Holmes, Orsen Burton and Orsen Hall and different ones like that.

I would sit with them and talk to them about the things that they talked about when I was a kid. Cliff McCoy was another one. Some of them I got on tape. I really took that sort of stuff in. In 1972, I had learned a lot about the Uintah Railway. In fact, we had lived out on the White River and Reva had kind of grown up in Rainbow and then when we got married we lived in Bonanza so she was well familiar with the train when it was running. Although I never was out there when the train was running but we would go out to that old ghost town and fool around. The big tressel across Whiskey Creek was still there. I took pictures of my pick-up and friends on that [tressel]. I got real interested in this particular railroad and the early mining out to Dragon, Rainbow, and Rector.

In 1972, we had a girl working for us, her name was Claudia Burraston, she was a real nice person. She said, "You ought to write some of this stuff down." I told her I did not know how to type. You get it wrote down and I will type it for you. The first story I wrote was in 1972 and it was about the Uintah Railway, a train that done the impossible.

She typed it up for me. I knew George Stewart from Roosevelt. He was a historian and wrote a lot of good historical articles. He told me to send that article in. He gave me the name of a guy in Salt Lake. Hudson is that guy's name. So I sent it in and they put it in the Salt Lake Tribune. So then he told me to go to my own paper and see if they will print it. I did and the Wallis' put it in the Vernal Express. I was so thrilled over that and got so many comments about it that is when I started writing these articles and I have been doing it ever since, as of today I have written well over sixty articles.

Ellen: How is your book coming?

George: As time went on and I had something like about fifty-eight articles or something, County Commissioner Abegglen got in touch with me and he said, "George, I have noticed these stories that you have been writing. They need to be preserved. I will talk to them up to the University [Utah State]. I will take you up there and introduce you to those people. I think we need to put them together. I think that is what needs to be done." We went up there and I met a man by the name of Bob Peterson. He introduced me to Robert Behunin, Dr. Robert Behunin. They found out what I had and he said, "'Yes!' You come in and bring those stories." Outside of just a few, most of them was hand-written in long hand. I told them I didn't know anything about a computer and they told me not to worry about that. They would give me a girl well schooled on that. Her name was Jenna Beede. Jenna really helped me. She put in a lot of special time helping me.

I wrote down fifty-six or fifty-seven [stories]. There was maybe three or four of them that coordinated with each other. I got them all done and then Dr. Behunin had me come up with some pictures and he said that we would put them into a book. I told him that I didn't have the funds for anything like that. He said he would take care of that and once it gets out he thought the book would sell itself. In the meantime, you talk to people who might be interested in getting one and see if they would make a commitment. So I did. I got about ninety names of people of who wants one or more. There have even been a couple of people, well one that donated quite a little bit of money and the other one wants to.

I dug up some pictures and one that Dr. Behunin thought was striking for the situation was me sitting on a guardrail out south of Bonanza over looking the White River. He said that really fit the book real good. The picture was out in the country that I love so much. Many of the stories are coordinated with that area. He called me one day and told me they had all of the stories written down, you come and get it and proof read it. I went and got it. It was just written on one side of the paper, it was about three inches thick. I brought it home and I went through it made any corrections and took it back to him. He said, "Okay, it will be in the works." He tells me not to worry, that it is in the works. That is the last that I have heard of it. I have seen him two or three times and he says, "Don't worry, it is in the process of completion. It will take a while."

Just a week ago I left a message on his voice mail saying, "Doctor, I have had people call wondering what the deal is on the book. I have people wanting to make a donation. I don't know what to tell them." I know he is a busy man. You see in the paper nearly every week about other responsibilities that have been given to him. I will go up in the next few days and see if I can't pin him down about this. He is a very important person at that university. I have been in touch with Dr. Behunin recently and he tells me

that the book will be finished soon. I am hoping that comes to be before too long. I have kept on writing in fact I have one in the process I want to try to finish while I am still able to do something like this, this is the history of Dragon and Watson. I should have got with Marie Kasmarick, she founded and run the Bittercreek Book Store, cause she has passed away and her sister isn't well in Alaska. I am gathering up what information I can from some of those people that was involved out there. I hope to get that out before the end of the year.

I would just like to say one final thing. I hadn't belonged to the church. My folks didn't belong to a church. My grandfather Powell, when he came here, belonged to the Methodist Church. He never joined the LDS church. His folks wanted him to be a Methodist Minister and he just didn't want to do that.

I have always been church minded. I have always knew and felt that there was a supreme being. I have always had that feeling within me that Joseph Smith, to have written what he did, had to be inspired by something more than normal man. He just couldn't come up with what he did. As I have read the Book of Mormon and his writings it confirmed my feelings that this man had to have inspiration from above. My wife had been a member and her folks. I joined the church in 1961 and later we went to the temple. I have worked in the church some, Sunday School President and things like that. I was a home teacher, or course. I was in the High Priest Presidency. I really firmly believe in the church and in God, our Father, and in Jesus Christ. I just wanted to mention that. Reva and I worked in the temple. We went on a mission first in 1996 to Salt Lake City. Malry McKeachnie was a bishop and we went out there to the Family History Mission.

Ellen: How did you do with that?

George: Oh good! We got a special calling when we got out there. Most of the people worked in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building but we went out to the vaults in Little Cottonwood Canyon. What a special place that is. If you ever get a chance go see them.

There are six vaults. They have their own water back in there and it is good clear pure water. Those tunnels was put in solid granite, one of the largest pieces of granite in this whole area is there in Little Cottonwood Canyon. It is tremendous. J. Ruben Clark who was one of the president's counselors to David O. McKay, was instrumental in getting that done. It was fantastic. We would go out there on a bus of a morning five days a week. We lived in a small trailer. Everything just went perfect. The Lord was with us. We had a real neat time. We were there for a year.

Ellen: What kind of work did you do?

George: Well, they do processing there of files and records that come in at the Ellis Island in New York. When converts to the church coming in at Ellis Island and some at New Orleans. We helped do a lot of that. There were a lot of records that they was redoing one way or another. They was putting them on tapes and stuff. Extraction work is involved in this work. We were doing a lot of photo copying and that sort of thing also. It was a tremendous thing. They had quite a lot of help from us retirees doing that but I understand since then here the last five or six year that they have done away with that part of it. Most is now done by hired employees. Back then, outside of the supervision

and those that was showing us how to do it, there was a lot of us missionaries out there doing that work. We sure enjoyed it there.

Ellen: Something that I wanted to ask you about. You joined the service in 1944. What do you remember about the Jackson brothers?

George: My father was good friend to their father. We traded horses, we was good friends and we worked kind of back and forth. My father had got crippled and got to the point where it was hard for him to break a horse, a team. We raised quite a few colts, work horses and when they would get to the age when they was ready to be broke. He would get in touch with Dan Jackson and his boys. They would take them and break them out or we would trade. We traded horses quite a lot. We done quite a lot of that back then. We visited back and forth. They were good people. Those boys, I knew two of them exceptionally well, Deloss they called him Walkie, he was one of the deserters. The other one was Barge. I knew those fellows real well. They come when I was just a little kid going to school and they moved down there on what we call the Black's Corner. LaDee Mecham and her husband later lived there. They lived there in an old log house. They went to school one winter, those two boys and their younger sisters. I befriended them. Some of the older guys would kind of make fun of them. I didn't believe in that, I never did. I was always taught not to degrade anybody, especially somebody that was kind of down and out a little bit. We was good friends all down through the years. Even when those boys, one of them evaded the draft, he would never sign up for the draft. The other two went in the service and then they left and runaway. They got blamed for a lot of things they didn't do. Every sheep camp between Heber and Craig, Colorado, that had anything come up missing, them boys got blamed for it. Those boys were right up here the whole time. Herb Snyder told my dad that they were blamed for a lot of things they didn't do. I always felt like and they were good honest hard workers. There was no better sheep herders or guys with horses, cattle and sheep than those Jacksons.

Ellen: I would imagine that they were kind with animals .

George: They were that.

Ellen: They didn't have much so that didn't abuse what they did have.

George: That is right, exactly right.

Ellen: Louella is helping with this story and she wants this story done right. We are trying to help. Can we use some of these comments in our article. She might appreciate that.

George: You sure can. I have always had a special feeling and special place in my heart because I was in the army and I saw guys picked on because maybe they could not read or write. I know a guy that he couldn't read nor write and his wife would write him letter and he would have me read them to him. Some of the guys would make fun about it. I

wouldn't do that, some of the things she said in there and some of the things he wanted me to write was pretty personal. I just kept that to myself. I never made fun of no one.

I think those boys was the object of abuse as far as obnoxious remarks. I kind of see why they left and done what they did. I liked those fellows. I have been in their camps and seen the kind of camps they kept. I visited with them as much as anybody in this valley. They were joking people and very witty. Deloss, Walkie, he was one of the most witty guys. You could not get the best of him. You would go around him feeling down and out and in a little while you would be feeling good. That is the way it was.

Barge had a family. One of his sons just died here recently. I went to his funeral with the military guard. Barge worked in some of the uranium mines. They breathed a lot of that uranium dust before they used much precaution. It is what caused his life to be shortened. Barge wasn't involved with the desertion thing.

Ellen: I think that the whole family got ridiculed and shamed because of what supposedly three of the children did and it shouldn't have ever happened. There were a lot of men who deserted.

George: I never worked with Andy. I knew he was a real good sheepherder. I have talked with guys that worked with him from up to Craig, [Colorado], he went to work for Art Boren and they said there was not a better worker or a more honest guy. If he borrowed ten dollars from you, you could bet your life that you would get it back and probably a couple extra with it. That is just the way they were.

Ellen: Is there anything else you want to tell me. I have so enjoyed this time with you.

George: I can't think of to much. I will just say that I have been retired now for over twenty years, I guess it will be twenty-two years since I retired. I retired in 1985 and it was twenty-two years last June. My health is pretty good. I have a little trouble with my blood pressure that I have to watch. I take medicine for that. The doctor has me watch my cholesterol. I take some medicine for that. My wife's health isn't good. She has a lot of arthritis problems which stems from that wreck. I just hope that I can carry on and take care of her and do the things that I am doing. I believe in being a good neighbor. That is something that my dad instilled in me. We raise a pretty good size garden and we enjoy sharing it with others. I sure hope that I can continue.

I go to the Care Center. I go visit about once a week or twice a month. I go to church there once a month to Sacrament Meeting. For twenty years, I played and sang songs at the Care Center, up to the Beehive House and over to Roosevelt [Care Center]. I finally got arthritis in my fingers to where I got that I couldn't cord the guitar very good and play the accordion as I used to. My voice, after singing a couple of songs, it gets kind of raspy. So I just quit doing that. I go visit with these people cause I know if I were in there I would want someone to drop in there once in a while. I know there are some people in there that rarely have a visitor. I am just glad to have lived in this valley and glad for the wonderful grandfather that I had to have come out here and homesteaded. I am glad that my father and his family that came here from Iowa in 1905 and settled.

Add to this history how we made our own fun and entertainment when we were children. Ice skating, skiing, sleigh riding, swimming in creeks, old-time games. Hunting and fishing and camping, horseback riding , bikes and ball games.